

## Your Thoughts

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# Your Thoughts

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## Summary

Soulmates. He had always wanted one, wished for it when he sat alone in the dark, long forgotten and abandoned. He had heard of the person whose soul was connected to your own, the one person who could love him. Apparently they had soulmarks, marks one had that would show on the other. There were many kinds of soul marks though, sometimes it was names, symbols, even moving or changing marks.

## Notes

Sorry, first ZoSan and IDK what im doing  
Hope it's not too bad

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# The Beginning

Soulmates. He had always wanted one, wished for it when he sat alone in the dark, long forgotten and abandoned. He had heard of the person whose soul was connected to your own, the one person who could love him. He cried himself to sleep every night in that cold place, wishing for the warmth that only a soulmate could bring.

After he escaped, after he nearly starved to death with the old man, he found people who cared about him. He learned everyday even as he was shouted at, beaten, he knew he was loved. This was love. But this was not the love he longed for, the love that he needed to fill that hollow space within himself. His soulmate.

He learned more about them at the Baratie, his curiosity giving way to questions. The sailors laughed and laughed as they boasted about the legends of soulmates. Apparently they had soulmarks, marks one had that would show on the other. He had searched for over an hour in the mirror trying to find any mark on himself that could be the soulmark but found nothing. Though he also realized he had no mark to share either. There were many kinds of soul marks though, sometimes it was names, symbols, even moving or changing marks.

He had also learned that the closer you get to a soulmate, the stronger the connection. The comfort and relief when touching them, the almost telepathic connection to know how the other was feeling. Sensing danger, fear, pain, love, and more. Sanji swooned at the idea, picturing a beautiful woman who belonged only to him. Though he knew there was a chance it wasn't a woman at all, but he never thought too long on that thought.

His soulmark appeared finally appeared when he was almost ten years old, having worked at the barate almost a full year. He looked down at his arm and read the words "No, Kuina can't be dead. She promised" in a crude green color. Sanji ran to the only bookshelf in the Baratie and pulled out a worn out book about soulmates. He began reading through the different types until he finally found one that fit.

"Thoughts?" he read aloud. According to the book, strong thoughts would be inscribed onto the body of their other half. *So this is a thought they had? Kuina? Who is that? Are they dead?* Sanji was confused and pitied the words that were on his bare forearm. Feeling his chest tighten for the person on the other end of this thought.

As the years went by, Sanji realised his soulmate didn't have too many thoughts after that. Not any strong enough to tingle onto his skin and they all involved this Kuina person. Whoever this person was, his soulmate was determined not to forget them or this promise of theirs. Sanji had been studying to be a chef under Zeff and almost always had the words on his arms covered up. He only saw them when he changed or showered and was always intrigued when they finally changed.

Sometimes though, he looked at the words sadly, wondering if they would ever meet. If they would ever love each other or want each other. His head would fill with words his family used to throw at him, his stomach knotting at the thought of his soulmate rejecting him. Those would be long sleepless nights.

He had started to ignore the scribbled letters on his arm as he got older, ten years having gone by without a sign of a soulmate. He didn't need them anyways, they only cared about Kuina, and Sanji only cared about cooking. Nothing would stop him from finding the All Blue or becoming an incredible chef and he didn't need a distraction like a soulmate. Plus he had to repay Zeff for everything he has done and been through. This was all he needed. The barate, Zeff, and cooking. He was content.

Until a certain number of events that threw his world for a loop. A few pirates here, more pirates there, a man named Luffy who wanted to become the pirate king, and a crazy fight had him agreeing to be the mans cook. Though Mihawk was a surprise, the green haired man standing up to him and living was even more surprising. Zoro huh? What a crazy guy. He cried as he said goodbye to the barate and Zeff, his heart light as he set out to sea with a boisterous crew.

He fell into a rhythm with the crew, fighting Zoro, kicking Luffy from his kitchen, showering Nami in affection, and secretly spoiling Chopper. He had a habit of rubbing his forearm when he was feeling content nowadays. He didn't really look at the words that often, he even avoided bathing with the crew so they wouldn't see the green words. He knew some of the crew had soulmates, Luffy had "Shi no gekai" on his collarbone and Nami had a small blue crown over the words Nefetari. Chopper didn't have one since animals weren't born with soulmates. Zoro never mentioned anything about soulmates, wondered if he even had one. Wondered what kind of person could love the moss headed brute. Sanji chuckled trying to imagine someone.

They had all grown on him. His idiot captain who didn't do much other than fight and eat, the lovely girls who were cunning, the stupid weirdo's pulling shenanigans, and the brute that Zoro was. He drank like a mad man but never got drunk, he trained almost every waking moment like his life depended on it, and then slept the remainder of the time. Well, when he wasn't off getting wildly lost at every opportune moment. That made him chuckle. Whoever his soulmate was had a lot to deal with. Stubbornness, strength, alcoholism, chronic napping, bad attitude, mossy hair, and directional insanity. Sanji laughed at how ridiculous the green haired crew member was and as much as they barked and fought, Sanji enjoyed it.

His life as a pirate just got more and more exciting, Franky, Robin, Brooke, the crew grew and so did his love for them all now. They were truly Nakama. That's why when he could barely stand, his body aching and screaming, he still stood. He faced Kuma with everything he had, silently apologising to his soulmate as he asked Kuma to take his life. He felt words sear across his arm as his chest filled with fear, but not his own. Next thing he knew he was on the ground, vision going black as Zoro looked resolute.

Pain gripped him like a vice, as his eyes slid open. He didn't remember being this injured before? Then he remembered. Kuma. Zoro. His breath caught as he stood, eyes searching frantically. *NO no no, you idiot! You better be alive!* Why was the thought so scary? Did he really hate the thought of the moss head gone? Then he saw the swords lay abandoned on a pile of rubble and his heart stopped. He *ran*. His mind was numbed by fear he had never experienced, his blood cold as he ignored the protests of his body. He had to find him, *had to*. He nearly collapsed when he saw the familiar shade of green in his peripherals. He slid down to the man, his body filling with a warm wave of relief until his heart caught in his throat. *Blood*. There was blood everywhere.

"What...Happened?" Sanji whispered, heart pounding in his ears as his body shook.

"Nothing..." Zoro's voice was hoarse as he spoke and Sanji barely caught him as he collapsed. Sanji shivered as the contact sent a weird feeling through his mind like static electricity. *What the fuck was that?* He didn't have time to wonder as he rushed to the rest of the crew, screaming for Chopper. His knees finally buckled as Zoro's weight was lifted off of him, the weird tingling in his mind finally leaving as his body filled with fatigue.

When he woke, his body was heavy and sore. Slowly sitting up, he began looking around. Blinking, he noticed he was off to the back of a huge room filled with all the island people, partying. Chopper immediately ran over as he looked around, confused.

“Sanji! Are you alright?! You just collapsed!” The poor boy had tears in his eyes.

“Sorry Chopper,” Sanji said as he patted the young reindeer's head as he tried to remember what had happened, “I was just exhausted, I think.”

Suddenly a thought struck him. *Where's Zoro?* “Chopper! Where's the marimo?!” Sanji sounded desperate, his voice hoarse.

Chopper's face filled with concern as he pointed to the left of Sanji. His head whipped around to see an unconscious marimo, covered in bandages. He was simultaneously filled with worry and relief as he watched that bandaged chest rise and fall in shallow breaths. *He's alive. This damn idiot.* Sanji reached over and gently touched the bandages, only to rip his hand away when the buzzing in his head returned. “What the-”

Suddenly Zoro was stirring and Sanji stood abruptly. “I am going to cook!” He announced stiffly as he briskly walked away. *What the fuck was that?! Why is my heart racing?! It's just the ugly brute marimo!* Sanji got to work cooking, hoping to calm himself down and forget the buzz of electricity in his head.

# Fools

## Chapter Notes

Thank you for reading~

Sanji nearly burnt Luffy's meat as he kept thinking about the buzzing he felt, not that Luffy would care. His captain would eat anything. But Sanji? Burning food? How could he be so distracted? That damn marimo was gonna have to eat anything he messed up. Sanji lit a cigarette as he sighed, *I'm sure it was nothing after all*. He smiled as he began thinking of what to serve the beautiful girls in his crew. When he finally started leaving the kitchen with a few dishes, he saw Zoro. He was sitting up just fine now, asking for sake as usual. *I refuse to acknowledge the relief that just filled me*. His face felt hot. Must be from cooking.

Sanji heaved a giant plate of steaming meat in front of the drooling captain while he handed beautiful plates to Nami and Robin. He of course brought food to everyone in the room, providing a true feast. Finally though, he would have to feed the moss head. He brought a sizable platter to the injured man along with a large tankard of ale. Which he almost dropped as he saw *it*.

There. On that muscle bound arm, hardly ever bear, where the usual bandana rested was beautifully written words. Sanji didn't even read the words as his brain nearly stopped functioning. *He has a soulmark!* Sanji was frozen to the spot as Zoro audibly grunted in confusion, reaching out for his food. Sanji did drop the plate this time as he watched the letters form a new sentence. *"He has a soulmark!"*

*Wait.*

*WHAT?!*

*Holy shit holy shit! The marimo? And me? No way, this can't be happening! Fuck what if these show up on his arm?! Sanji was full on panicking, not even noticing the shock on everyone's faces that Sanji had just dropped food. Or Zoro's dumb confused look as Sanji just*

gawked. Zoro finally followed his line of sight and stared at the words tiredly. Zoro grabbed his bandana and wrapped it around his bicep once again.

“Oi, Shitty Cook!” Zoro snapped out.

Sanji finally blinked and closed his mouth, feeling his face heat up as he realized he had made a fool of himself. The whole room was staring at him, waiting for him to move. He felt his mouth go dry, *Oh god does he know?! Fuck fuck fuck-*

“It’s rude to stare ya know?! What, you wanna go shitty cook?” Zoro sounded like his normal, dumb, irritable self. Like his soulmate wasn’t standing *RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM*. Even though Sanji was on the verge of a brain aneurysm he subconsciously spat out a witty reply, like usual. Well almost usual, his voice might have shook. *Might*.

“W-was just surprised even moss get soulmates!” Sanji said as he tried to fix his composure. *Zoro is my soulmate. Zoro. Had to be Zoro didn’t it. Oh that buzzing in my head- wait. Kuina.* Sanji had almost begun to fantasize about finally finding a soulmate when he remembered that his soulmate only thought about three things. Swords, booze, and... Kuina.

“I don’t need a soulmate.” Zoro said, stern in the face. “Soulmates are for dumb romantics like you. I just need to become the world’s strongest swordsman.” Zoro grabbed the tankard of ale and sucked it down, seemingly ending the conversation.

Sanji stood, speechless. This was just his luck, after everything he had been through, this was his soulmate. After all the nights he has spent dreaming of the one person who could possibly love him, it turned out to be a muscle head who didn’t want a soulmate. His eyes burned as he shoved his hands into his pockets and headed back to the kitchen. He hardly heard all the singing and shouting as he slid to the floor and lit a cigarette in shaking hands.

He was a fool for dreaming. A fool for wanting love. A fool to think anyone... That anyone could possibly love him.



# Drunk

## Chapter Notes

Sorry these chapters are a bit short  
Thank you for reading!

Sanji knew he wasn't quite himself lately, but he couldn't help it. He was tired. He made all the food as usual but he knew he could have kicked Luffy harder, should have pampered the ladies more, but he couldn't bring himself to. He also knew that everyone could tell something was off. Sanji and Zoro didn't fight in over a week. Sanji hasn't even spoken a word to him since they left Thriller Bark. Now that was odd.

The crew had begun being nice to him, doing dishes for him, offering their help in the kitchen, telling him to take a break. It was honestly freaking him out, and of course none of them were allowed to cook. Ever. *Not in my kitchen.* Sanji did really appreciate the thought though, he loved his nakama, but cooking was all he had to clear his mind. But his mind was winning this battle and he was *tired*.

Then, one night, Nami suggests a fun drinking game. Of course with bets, and of course everyone knew Zoro would win but Sanji decided. *Oh fuck it.* The whole crew went wild. For hours they drank and drank. Brooke sang, Luffy and Usopp and Chopper all made funny faces and jokes. Robin watched from the sidelines as she quietly messed with them. Franky, well he did a bunch of cool cyborg stuff to appease the audience. But Sanji and Zoro? Silently drank. And drank. And drank.

They drank until the entire crew was passed out from drinking, and exhaustion. Till it was just Sanji and Zoro. Sanji was very, *very* drunk. Zoro looked unphased as usual, but Sanji was stubborn. Until he attempted to lift his mug one more time and instead-

“Who’z Kuina?” Sanji slurred.

Zoro froze. He stared for a long minute at Sanji. Opened his mouth,

“How do you know about-”

“Why don’t you believe in soulmates? I dreaaamed of mine. It waz the only thing that \*Hic\* kept me goin’. Thinkin shomeone could actually loves me” Sanji was slurring and glassy eyed as he stared at his mug.

“Of course you would, you hopeless romantic-” Zoro was so perplexed as he tried to understand where all this was coming from.

“Why is she all you think about?”

Zoro once again froze as he watched tears begin trailing down Sanji’s face.

“Thiz worl’ is cruel. I haz the worst \*Hic\* soulmate everrrr” Sanji said sadly as his eyelids slowly slid closed. “No one could ever love me”

Zoro was in awe. Speechless. Confused. Concerned. He had never seen the cook like this before. He stared at the now sleeping, crying curly browed cook. *What the heck is he talking about... How’d he know about her...* Then his eyes blew open wide. *No... No way.* Zoro reached up and gently pulled his bandana off his arm to see the words “ *Stupid marimo* ” Written in beautiful letters on his bicep.

“Holy shit.” Zoro said out loud.

“It’s about time you figured it out.” Robin whispered in the corner, smile on her lips as she curled up next to Franky.

Sanji woke up, lying on the kitchen table with a blanket over himself. He had no memory of how he got on the table but the pounding migraine did speak volumes as to why he didn't remember. He slowly sat up and gazed around the room, finding only a few Strawhats in the vicinity. Luffy and Usopp and Chopper all cuddling together on the floor, but no one else. They must have gone to their own beds.

Sanji got up and started preparing a warm, spicy, hangover soup for the crew. Didn't take long for the smell to rise the three sleeping boys. He didn't exactly remember all of last night but whatever happened must have worked because Sanji was back in good spirits. He truly started feeling like himself again as he fought off the boys from getting breakfast too early and prepared beautifully balanced meals for the girls. He even made Zoro some onigiri. All was well and fine until he called everyone for breakfast and someone didn't show up.

"That damn stupid marimo, did he get lost getting to the table?!" Sanji fumed even like his old self and set out to find the idiot. He found Zoro at the top of the watch tower, staring out to the water.

"Oi, Marimo, I called everyone to breakfast, didn't ya hear? Must be all that moss in your ears." Sanji playfully spat at the green haired man. Zoro turned but didn't react as usual. He just... *Stared. Boy that's creepy.* Then he turned and looked out the window, mindlessly grumbling under his breath.

"Not hungry."

Not hungry? *Not hungry?! Fine! I'll give your onigiri to Luffy, you big ape!* Sanji descended rapidly down the ladder, missing Zoro gently grabbing his bicep as he did. *Right when I'm finally back in a good mood, that damn sword-loving idiot has to ruin it! I'll swap his sake with juice!* Sanji laughed as he walked back into the mess hall, only to find Robin.

"I see you're in a good mood Sanji-san." Robin smiled. "Even talking to Zoro-san again?"

Sanji swooned at Robin-chwaaan~ before saying, "Don't worry your sweet little head about little old me, after last night I feel a lot better~"

“Why is that?” Robin asked with a knowing smile.

“I don’t quite remember all of last night, I must have done something though.” Sanji thought of all he could remember. Shenanigans, lost bets, sleeping boys and... Zoro. Just him and Zoro. He looked shocked? But why? *Oh whatever, forget that jerk.*

Sanji just began humming and cleaning the kitchen as Robin chuckled to herself.

# Hate?

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the short chapter, is anyone still reading this? Lol My life has been awful and I just don't have the stamina for writing like I used to. Hopefully I get back into it. Hope you like this EDIT: This chapter has been rewritten

Zoro stared out at the slowly moving waves and for once wasn't thinking about her or the swords. Instead he was thinking about a tall blonde. With curly eyebrows. After last night Zoro didn't even know how to look at the damn cook. Zoro had given up on soulmates a long time ago, he was alone growing up even before he met Kuina. He had no one, then finally he met someone who was strong enough to defeat him and they fought and fought to follow the same dream... Only for the world to take her too. Zoro only had his ambition to be the strongest swordsman and the promise to Kuina. That's all he needed.

He had thought about it only once before and realized most people gave up their ambitions to be with someone like their soulmate. Zoro couldn't afford that, or afford to drag a non fighting non pirate around the grandline and try to protect them. It was better if they just never met. He had even thought how useless a soulmate would be, a distraction, and feelings of love? Unnecessary. That's for stupid romantic idiots like... "Sanji.." *Fuck. Why did it have to be you? Why did that poor romantic curly browed idiot get stuck with a soulmate like me...*

But wasn't Sanji also strong? Fighting for the same things? They both had dreams and ambitions that others laughed at, a stubbornness like no other. He was an amazing cook, they fought all the time but they never hurt each other, they silently respect each other and protect each other. They both give everything in this crew for their dreams and for the crew's dreams. Zoro would do anything for this crew and he knew that included Sanji... *I didn't intend to get too attached but my chest is aching.* Zoro rubbed his arm where his bandana lay.

Sanji was relaxing in between snack time in the kitchen attempting to cure his pounding headache. *I can't believe I drank so much last night, I normally don't have that much.* He

closed his eyes and the image of a shocked Zoro came into his mind. *Why was he so shocked?* He tried to think as hard as he could and suddenly he remembered... “ *Why is she all you think about*”

Sanji fell out of his chair onto the floor, panicked. *OHMYGOD Why would I say that?! He thought about how the marimo was acting this morning and his heart sank. OH god does he know?? Stupid stupid STUPID!! What am I doing?! I'm never drinking again...* Panic rose in his chest, an image of an empty, barred cell flashed through his mind. Fear. *Alone. Unloved. Forgotten. Useless. Hated-*

“OI, eyebrows, we need to talk.” Zoro’s gruff voice made Sanji physically jump off the floor.

“Zoro..” Sanji was terrified about what would happen next, his whole body was covered in a cold sweat, and shook as he wrang his hands on the hem of his shirt. Zoro seemed to shift as he watched Sanji’s face, concern seemed to show on those rough features as he opened his mouth to speak when-

“SANJI! FOOOD!” Luffy came at the perfect time, crashing into the kitchen and knocking Zoro over.

“O-of course Luffy! Right away!” Sanji abruptly got up on shaking legs and desperately scrambled to the kitchen. Luffy and Zoro exchanged a sharp look for a fraction of a second before Zoro stormed out, tongue clicking. Not long after the rest of the crew joined for another snack break. Zoro sat at the back of the ship and glanced at the bandana hiding those confused thoughts. He growled in frustration before closing his eyes in an attempt to sleep.

Sanji was making food but only with muscle memory, his mind was entirely elsewhere. He was panicking. *He knows. He knows. He is pissed. He probably is so disgusted. Of course no one could possibly love me.* The thoughts of his siblings and father abusing him made his fingers shake, the looks on their faces mirrored on an imaginary Zoro. Sanji’s blood ran cold as he felt his chest tighten painfully around his lungs. *He will look at me just like they did. It's over, it's all over.*

Zoro couldn't handle it anymore, every instinct was telling him to look at his arm and those quiet words being scrawled so desperately there. His chest was painfully tight like something was screaming at him. He ripped off the bandana and froze. He had never seen so many words written there, the writing was messy like it had been rushed. He could tell his thoughts were racing. Then he saw them, *really* read them. "Disgusted? Hated? Wait who abused him?! Woah woah calm down!" Zoro was uselessly talking outloud to the panicked words on his arm before jumping up "Damn cook!" His mind was screaming and finally one word came through clearly; ***Danger!***

"Sanji?" Nami's soft voice was filled with concern and shocked Sanji out of his thoughts. He turned to the crew who all looked worried. His whole body was trembling and he clinged to himself painfully willing it to stop.

"W-what is it Nami-san?" Sanji's voice was shaking but he attempted a weak smile but Luffy's face was serious and he looked right through him.

"You're crying." Luffy spoke in a demanding tone as if asking who hurt Sanji. Sanji stiffened and turned his face away attempting to wipe his face desperately, painfully shoving his palms into his eyes.

"Ah? Oh wha woops ha-ha m-must be the onions!" Sanji tried to calm himself as his shaking hands rubbed harshly at his eyes which only resulted in more tears. *Stop idiot! You're scaring everyone! I said stop! Fuck!* His throat burned and his chest squeezed like it was trying to suffocate him, the harder he tried to stop the worse it became, a sob crawling its way up his throat.. The crew jumped up from the table but only one person made it to Sanji in time.

Sanji's hands were ripped from his eyes and he stared helplessly at the man who had done it. Zoro looked very displeased, his face contorted, concerned, almost angry. He even looked as though he were in pain. He said nothing as he dragged the fragile cook out of the kitchen, leaving the crew speechless and worried.

Sanji's tears never stopped as he stared at Zoro's broad back, his chest filled with a sudden warmth, only to be crushed down by the fear of rejection, the fear of that cold, dark, empty cell again. *Oh god please no, anyone but you please don't-* Sanji's panicked thoughts were

stopped as he was enveloped in a feeling like no other. Strong, warm arms surrounded him in an almost crushing embrace and his whole body was trembling for a whole new reason. He remembered Zeff once telling him about the feeling you get when you touch your soulmate but nothing could describe *this*. It was like his whole body was screaming that this is where he was meant to be, in the arms of a crazy swordsman, like the final piece to a puzzle being put into place, the relief and satisfaction of finally being complete. His knees buckled under the weight of relief but the arms enveloping him only held on harder. Like a dam bursting, Sanji sobbed uncontrollably as he clung desperately to that broad back. He didn't care what this meant right now, this feeling of being accepted, even if it was only a little, was so powerful he couldn't keep up.

He wasn't sure how long he had even been crying or when he had fallen asleep, all he knew was his head was pounding. Sanji tried to open his eyes but they were so sore and swollen that it took a few tries. When he finally did he was stunned by what he saw. He was currently leaning on Zoro's shoulder, apparently sleeping in the swordsman's lap. The green haired moss man was currently sleeping soundly with Sanji in his arms. Sanji was almost fascinated, he had never seen sleeping Zoro this close before. He was so calm, his eyelashes were surprisingly long, his breathing was so deep the scar barely visible as his chest rose and fell slowly.

The swordsman stirred, opening one eye and for a long second they just stared, almost like they couldn't look away. Zoro did look away then, awkwardly coughed and motioned to Sanji in his lap. Sanji abruptly jumped up and backed away.

"Ah uh.. Um..." Sanji felt his face heat up as he stared at the deck, refusing to look at the marimo. Zoro looked just as awkward, rubbing the back of his neck as he stood up.

"Um..." They stood in awkward silence for what felt like forever before a voice broke the tension.

"How are you feeling Sanji?" The two men looked up to see Nami Chopper and Usopp.

"Oh... I am okay now that Nami-chwann is here!" He tried to be his usual self and Nami just gave him a knowing look. He sighed and smiled, "I am alright, sorry to worry you guys." He pulled out a cigarette after what felt like 2 days and put it in his mouth. Chopper then stepped forward.



“Mind if I check you out just in case?” Concern laced his voice so obviously.

“Go ahead.” Sanji gave his best smile and collaborated with the small reindeer. Usopp steps out from behind Nami awkwardly to ask if Sanji would make dinner. Sanji laughed as Nami hit Usopp and agreed. He didn’t look at the silent swordsman as he headed for the kitchen,

# I'm Sorry

Sanji's ears burned as he remembered the events. He had managed to successfully embarrass himself in front of the whole crew, but he couldn't help but smile. The whole crew was being incredibly kind. He never would have thought all those years ago when he was in that cold cell that one day he would have so many loving Nakama. Sanji smiled as he rolled his sleeves up, ready to cook them a thank you feast when he spotted the edges of green lettering, he nervously rolled his sleeve up higher to see the words, "I am sorry it had to be me. You deserve more than me." Sanji stared at the crude lettering, neater than usual. He recalled when Zoro had told him soulmates were stupid and unnecessary, but also remembered when he was spiraling and crying that Zoro ran to him, embraced him and let him sob until he fell asleep. *Stupid marimo, don't make me get my hopes up.*

Sighing he rolled his sleeve back down and returned to cooking trying to forget the confusing feelings rising up in him. This is Zoro after all, he never thinks this hard. *What about Kuina? He always thinks about Kuina.* Sanji's chest tightened at the thought. "Ah, right." *Zoro only cares about three things, and you aren't one. Just give up.* The faces of his family popped up in his head, their looks of disappointment, mocking, pity. "Shit!" Sanji lit his cigarette. "I'm thinking too fucking much."

Sanji finished the meal and called for the crew and as they all began piling it, Sanji found himself without an appetite. He slipped out of the kitchen and took a bottle of sake with him. But shortly after hears footsteps approaching. He felt the now familiar buzzing in his mind as the footsteps got closer, his body relaxing without his permission. "What do you want, marimo?" Zoro didn't answer but stopped just next to Sanji. "If it's sake you want-"

"She was the only one who could defeat me. Before Mihawk." Zoro interrupted. Sanji blinked in confusion for a moment as his mind tried to catch up

"Kuina." Sanji had never heard the name aloud before and watched as Zoro pulled Wado off of his waist and laid it on the railing. "No matter how many times I fought her, how many swords I used, how much I trained, she was always beating me. But she had her own problems, she believed that she would naturally lose to me one day just because she was a woman. Her father never acknowledged her sheer strength. So we made a promise." Zoro gently touched Wado, fondly. "That one day one of us would become the strongest swordsman in the world." He looked bitterly at the white sword, and Sanji felt his chest squeeze around his lungs. Something was wrong, this person is so important to Zoro, gave him his dream yet-

“She died. Just like that, in some stupid accident she just left me behind.” Sanji’s heart broke as he saw the pain on Zoro’s features. “Wado Ichimonji was her sword. I carry it to make sure I keep that promise. Me and this sword will become the best in the world.” Sanji bit his lip, not knowing what to say as his eyes pricked just imaging the pain Zoro went through, and was filled with shame for being envious of the Kuina who was always in his mind. How could he compete with that? Zoro put Wado back onto his hip and turned to Sanji and sighed. “I wasn’t telling you that to make you feel bad. I just wanted you to... understand why Kuina is on my mind. I think about that promise when I train, when I clean Wado. I admired her. She died too young...”

“I also wanted to... Apologise.” Zoro said, quieter this time. Sanji blinked. *Did he just say sorry??*

“I said some cruel stuff to you. I know you're a soppy romantic and I don't know what happened to you before Baratie to feel so insecure but... I had dedicated my whole life to fulfilling that promise to Kuina, I had thought useless things would only be a distraction. Soulmates included. So I’m sorry. I am sorry you got strapped with me.” Zoro stared at the waves, avoiding Sanji’s gaze and he looked shocked.

“Zoro...” Sanji began choking up and took a swig of the sake he had before continuing, “You’re right. I am a hopeless romantic. The thought of a mysterious soulmate somewhere out there in the world was the only thing that kept me going, that one day maybe someone would love me.” Zoro clenched his fist just thinking of how someone as strong as Sanji had to dream of just one person loving him, just how bad was his childhood? “But after The Baratie, and this crew I thought it would be okay to never meet them, it was just a fantasy, well at least that’s what I told myself.” Sanji sighed and laid his forehead on the railing. “I’m sorry you got someone like me Zoro. Someone as broken and lonely as me. I wish I didn’t want to be loved so desperately.” Now hot tears were slipping down Sanji’s face. “If you want we can just pretend we never found out.” The words seemed to cut his mouth as he said them, not very convincing as his voice shook around a sob. “The last thing I want to do is take your dream from you and I couldn’t bear it if you hated me.” Sanji began to sob and ramble.

Zoro was overwhelmed with the need to protect, roughly grabbing Sanji and pulling him into a strong hug. “Idiot cook, you can’t even convince yourself. Don’t say dumb shit that’s just gonna make you cry.” Sanji sobbed into broad shoulders, just wishing this incredible warmth would never end. Now that he knew how it felt, how could he live without it?



# Home

## Chapter Summary

Sorry it has been forever! I have been so busy! I took a break from writing! But i am back, might rewrite this story for the better at some point but hope you like this !

## Chapter Notes

So

*Now that he knew how it felt, how could he live without it?* Sanji is really regretting thinking those words as his mind screamed at him, his heart hammering against his ribs, alarm bells going off so loudly in his head his ears were ringing. Kuma? An Admiral? Pacifistas? They were exhausted, surrounded, Sanji's legs ached but all he cared about was protecting Zoro. His wounds from Thriller bark had reopened and could hardly fight, setting Sanji's nerves on fire in a desperate attempt to keep him safe.

It was too late. They were overwhelmed, and Sanji locked eyes with Zoro for only a moment before Sanji felt his heart drop. He was gone. A scream was ripped from Sanji's throat as he staggered, staring at the now empty space where Zoro was. His legs shook with fatigue as his body was overcome with a sense of despair. Luffy and Usopp were screaming but Sanji could only hear buzzing in his ears. *Zoro? Zoro?! Where is he?* His heart felt like it was breaking in his own chest, his body screamed as though it were injured.

“**SANJI!!**” Luffy screamed, snapping Sanji out of his head for a second only to be faced with Kuma. He caught himself thinking *well if he isn't here what's the point-* Before Kuma sent him flying. Sanji remembers screaming in agony as his mind felt like it was being torn apart, passing out from the pain.

When he awoke, his entire body sore and fatigued, he began to bawl. *Please don't be dead you damn marimo. Please...* He roughly rolled his sleeve up his arm, praying to see those crude green letters scrawling new words onto his skin, he whimpered as he read it. “Sanji” He curled himself around his arm and began to sob uncontrollably.

After Marineford and the war, he knew it would be a long time before he saw any of his crew again, let alone Zoro. He also knew Luffy expected them all to get stronger while they were away, so Sanji threw himself into training, running, anything to keep his mind off the ache in the back of his mind. Like a thread pulling at the edges of his mind. *Two years... Just two years.* He was exhausted, mentally, physically, and emotionally. The only solace he got was when he closed his eyes at night. Every night he would dream of green hair and broad shoulders and a warm embrace.

Zoro begs Mihawk to train him, determined never to lose again, never to see that face on Sanji or Luffy ever again. He trained nonstop, those blue eyes burned into his mind, the scream he heard as Kuma sent him flying, adding fuel to his fire. How could he ever dream of beating Mihawk if he couldn't even protect his crew? Or his soul- oh. *I never really thought about it but... that stupid curly brow really is my soulmate.* The tingling in the back of his mind that always got more intense around him, how relaxed he became, how much he trusted him... I guess this is what people are always talking about. A soulmate... his chest ached as he thought of how scared Sanji was. *Fuck!* The days continued, tired, fighting, training, dreaming of that scared face, the back of his mind buzzing, hot words etching themselves into his arm.

Two years would pass, the feeling of relief and comfort like a daydream now, just desperate to see the crew, make sure Luffy is okay, see all of their dumb faces again. The memories flashes behind his injured eye as they approached Sabaody and now he could feel it, the buzzing. Stronger, pulling tight. He was here. He couldn't help the grin that spread across his face as he reached the island. The wait was over.

Sanji was trying to ignore the familiar buzzing pulling on his mind and tried to hide the smile on his face as he shopped and kept an eye out for the green hair he had been dreaming of for so long. Humming with every step as he felt the tingling going down his spine as he got closer and closer.

Then as natural as it had always been, his feet drew themselves to a familiar man. He watched as a commotion broke out, the ship destroyed and an unphased marimo emerged from the wreckage. Then like lightning striking, his whole body felt electrified, their eyes finally meeting. His body moved on its own, dropping his groceries and sprinting into

powerful arms. They both gasped as their bodies shivered away two years of fatigue and longing and they sighed as their minds filled with an almost forgotten buzzing. Sanji could feel his eyes pricking as reality hit him, that he was finally in Zoro's arms and his heart swelled with emotion. He buried his face into Zoro's neck as he felt the first few tears slip and with a quiet, hoarse voice whispered;

“Zoro”

“Sanji” Zoro whispered back, making Sanji's heart skip. He had never said his name out loud before... Sanji squeezed harder trying to ingrain that voice into his brain, the warmth, the smell. How had he gone two years without this?

After a while they finally both relaxed enough to pull away and just look at how much each of them had changed. Sanji furrowed his brows as he observed the new scar on Zoro's face, as Zoro chuckled at how both Sanji's brows were in fact curly. Sanji noticed how Zoro had bulked up and Zoro noticed how toned Sanji had become. Finally Sanji became bashful after realizing they had made a scene and picked his groceries off the ground and smiled at Zoro, motioning for him to follow.

When they heard a large explosion they both smiled wickedly and took off knowing exactly who they would find. Seeing an all too familiar straw hat and bold smile as they arrived, Sanji knew he was finally *home*.

# Goodbye

## Chapter Summary

Sorry not sorry? short chap update

After the mess in Fishman Island and the desperation in Dressrosa, the predicament on Punk Hazard, they had finally arrived at Zou. A few new additions traveling with them, Trafalgar Law, Kanjuro, and Momonosuke. Luffy technically had a grand fleet now, and Nami, Chopper, Brook, Momonosuke, Sanji, and the heart pirates would already be on Zou. Honestly Zoro was expecting to feel relief as they approached the top of the giant elephant, but all he could feel was something uneasy settling into the pit of his stomach. The buzzing in his head wasn't getting any louder, but instead alarm bells were going off in his head.

They found a distressed, destroyed Zou, fighting and confusion upon arriving. When they finally reunited with everyone there was clearly someone missing.

“Where’s the cook?” Zoro’s gruff voice seemed to ring out, silence falling over the room as no one dared to meet his eyes. Chopper began crying, and Zoro felt all his anxiety peak, something had happened. Nami stepped forward and handed a letter to Luffy, who quietly read it before handing it to Zoro.

*“I am sorry, it seems my past has finally caught up with me. I wish I could have seen you guys just one more time. Forgive me.”* Zoro’s hands were shaking as he stared at the letter.

“What does this mean?...” Zoro finally looked up at Nami, who sighed and began explaining the events over the past several days.

By the end Zoro’s hands were numb, his ears ringing, his limbs cold. *Married? Vinsmoke? Big mom? Shitty cook! Wait, his family... his thoughts always spiraled when it came to them right? He was a child when he met Zef.. was his family the one who gave him so much*



*trauma? Now they are back and what? They are forcing him to get married?! Fuck! I don't get it!* He stood abruptly, startling the rest of the crew and stormed out.

***“Fuck!!”*** He reached up and ripped off the bandanna on his arm and stared at the cold letters; *Don't come*. He fell to his knees feeling his whole body chill, the pit of his stomach hollowing out as he felt the buzzing in his head nearly go silent, the lettering on his arm fade and Zoro was alone. Sanji has closed the link. He clutched his chest as his eyes pricked painfully, begging his lungs to take in air. He felt hot tears searing his cheeks as his vision blurred his body going clack as he collapsed, hearing the shouting of Chopper in the distance.

# I'm Sorry

## Chapter Notes

Sorry this is short and sorry if this sucks lol

Sanji sat in a cold room in unfamiliar clothes, buzzing in his head silent leaving him truly alone. His body ached with bruises, having been hit everyday since arriving. He knew Luffy and Zoro had finally arrived on Zou, if the panic he had felt was any indication. He could only imagine their reactions and he knew they wouldn't give up so easily but he needed them to. He prayed every night that they wouldn't follow him. Sanji knew one day his family, his past would catch up to him. It loomed over him like a dark shadow, a storm cloud right before the downpour. He expected it but, the thought of any of them getting hurt because of him, Zeff, Luffy... Zoro... He wasn't sure he could live with himself. No, they needed to stay away and he needed to stay resolute. He could handle the beatings, the mocking, the laughter, even the silence in his head now, but he couldn't lose anyone. Not again.

He had almost forgotten what this felt like, almost forgot how broken he was, a failed experiment, useless, hated. He had gotten his hopes up with the Strawhats, with Zoro, he had almost thought for a moment he could have happiness. How stupid. How could he forget? The feel of being beaten, the sound of being laughed at, the look of disappointment on his own fathers face. How had he ever felt happy or safe knowing he was still out there? What a fool, a fever dream, a joke. But every night he would remember that wonderful dream and thankful he had a few years of happiness. He would cry himself to sleep thinking of his Nakama and his soulmate.

He had lost track of how long he had been on Whole Cake Island, lost track of how many times he had been beaten, how many times he had cried alone, reassuring himself this was better than the alternative. It had to be. He could handle it, he could endure. For Zeff, for his Nakama. That's when he heard it.

“The Strawhats are here!!”

His heart sank like a stone to the pit of his stomach, knotting terribly, making him want to vomit. *No! They can't be here! Stupid stupid stupid!* He turned to see the horribly smug look on his brother's faces.

“Time to prove your resolve.”

Sanji shook as he stepped out of the carriage and nearly faltered as he heard Luffy's relieved voice. *Fuck fuck fuck why are you here-* Finally he looked up and this time he did stop. He saw Nami standing behind Luffy, but worse was a flash of green. *No...please no I can't-*

“Sanji, hurry up!” His brother called from the carriage and Sanji jumped. Every cell in his body wanted to run into the arms of his Nakama, to turn the buzzing back on in his head, apologize and beg for forgiveness but... He couldn't.

“You shouldn't have come.” Sanji knew his voice shook as he approached Luffy, refusing to look behind him, feeling those silver eyes bore into him.

“Sanji I came to bring you back!” Luffy tried to smile as Sanji looked at him sadly, raising his leg and closing his eyes as he swung. As his leg made impact he felt an all familiar buzzing spread through him and his eyes shot open to see those beautiful silver eyes full of rage. Sanji was face to face with the one man who could break his resolve.

“Z-zoro-”

“What the fuck are you doing?!” Zoro shouting, making Sanji jump. “You were about to kick Luffy you bastard!” Sanji lowered his leg as he stared at the hurt on his nakamas face, Nami looked horrified, Luffy looked so confused, but Zoro... He was pissed.

“I can't come back.” Sanji's voice was small as he looked at Zoro, his rage dissolving into hurt. “I can't.” Sanji could feel himself break the longer he stood there so he turned to return to the carriage but Zoro grabbed his wrist.

“Sanji!” Sanji shuttered at the sound of his own name. He didn't trust his own voice not to break so he let the line connect, the buzzing returning to the back of his head slowly.

*They have Zeff.* Was all Sanji said, as he stared at Zoro heartbroken. Zoro's eyebrows raised and his grip lessened enough that Sanji pulled away. *I'm sorry* was all Zoro heard before the line was closed off again and Sanji was entering the carriage.

Zoro stood in silence as he watched the carriage pull away, his heart aching. Luffy was shouting after Sanji but he never even looked back.

## End Notes

Comments, ideas, criticism, kudos are all welcome  
Thank you for reading

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